

THE
Poor Widows
—
MITE

In Seven MEDITATIONS.

TOGETHER

*With a serious Meditation, to be said of
Women with Child, at the Time of their
Deliverie.*

All very comfortable, and useful
for the People of God, And
which may be sung with the
Tune of any Psalm, or other
Tunes fitting thereunto.

*Psal. 119. 15. I will meditate in thy pre-
cepts and have respect unto all thy Ways.*

Printed in the Year, 1717.



The Poor Widows Mite

The First Meditation.

A H helpless Wretch, what shall I do,
or which Way shall I run ;
The Earth bewrays, and Heaven records,
the Sins that I have done.
The gates of Hell wide open stand,
for to receive me in,
And fearful Fiends already be,
to torment me for Sin.
Alace, where shall I succour find ?
the Earth doth me deny,
And to the secret Heavens above,
I dare not lift mine eye.
If Heaven and Earth shall witness be,
against my Soul for Sin,
Untimely-birth, alace, for me
much better then had been.
And now despair approacheth fast,
with bloody murdering knife,
And willeth me to end my grief,
by shortning of my Life :
Shall I despair ? Thou GOD forbid,
for mercy more is thine ;

 If the Sins of all the World,
were linked now with mine.
Spile not then, most loving LORD,
the Image of thy Face,
Which thou hast wrought, and dearly bought
with goodness of thy Grace.
and sith the bloody price is pay'd,
and bitter pains all past ;
I do receive my plaints, accept my Sp'rit,
and Mercy grant at last :
; records, so shall my Soul Rejoice, Rejoice,
and still for Mercy cry,
Peccavi, Peccavi, Miserere Mei.

The second Meditation.

THOU GOD ! who rul'st and reign'st in light,
that flesh cannot attain,
Thou God ! who knows the thoughts of Men,
are altogether vain :
be, Thou GOD ? whom neither tongues of Men,
nor Angels can express ;
Thou GOD ! it is, that we do seek,
oh, pitty my distress.
Thy seat, O GOD ! is every where,
thy power, all powers transcend,
Thy wisdom cannot measured be,
for that it hath no end.
l. Thou art the power, and measure too,

A. 2.

and



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and sole felicitie ;
But I a lump of sinful flesh,
nurse of iniquitie.
Thou art, by nature merciful,
and mercy, is thy Name ;
And I by nature, miserable,
the thral of Sin and shame.
Then let thy Nature, O good GOD !
now work his force on me,
And cleanse this nature of my Sin,
and heal my Miseric.
One depth, O LORD, another craves,
my depth of sinful crime,
Requires the depth of Mercy great,
for saving health in time :
Sweet Christ, grant that the depth of Grace,
may swallow up my Sin ;
That I thereby may whiter be,
then ever Snow hath been.
So shall my Soul, Rejoice, Rejoice,
and still for Mercy cry.
Peccavi, Peccavi, Misere Mei.

The third Meditation.

BEfore thy Face, and in thy Sight,
have I committed shame :
O LORD, transgressed willingly,
I do confess the same.

Yet

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Yet was I loath that Men should know,
or understand my fall ;
Thus feared am I, more then Thee,
thou righteous Judge of all.
So blind was I, and ignorant,
yea rather wilful blind,
That suckt the Comb, and knew the Bee,
had left the Sting behind.
My Sins, O GOD, to thee are known,
there is no secret place,
Where I may hide my self, or them,
from presence of thy Face.
Where shall I then my self bestow ?
or, who shall me defend ?
None is so loving as my GOD,
thy Mercies have no end.
Indeed I grant, and do confess,
my Sins so heinous be,
As Mercy none at all deserves,
but yet thy Propertie ;
Is always to be merciful,
to Sinners in distress,
Wherefore, thou wilt declare, and shew
thy great Almightyness.
Have Mercy, LORD, on me therefore,
for thy great Mercies sake ;
Who came not righteous Men to call,
but Sinners part to take.

Yet

Where

Wherefore, my Soul, be glade, be glade,
and cry incessantly ;

Peccavi, Peccavi, Misere Mei.

The fourth Meditation.

MOST gracious GOD, do not behold
the number of my Sin,
Nor yet consider, with my self
how wicked I have been :
But rather think I am but Dust,
or as the withered Hay ;
Which flourisheth to Day in Field,
to Morrow shorn away.
My Flesh rebels against my Sp'rit,
my Sp'rit too weak is found,
By Sin conceav'd in Mothers womb,
my Soul first caught her wound.
My Flesh is frail, too weak, and vain,
to do the thing I should,
And what I would, not that I doe,
contrarie that I would.
Thou seest, O LORD, how weak I am,
not able for to stand,
Without the succour, help, and aid,
of thy most Mighty Hand :
And what is he ? That will not stay,
the Man that's like to fall.
Or will refuse the Sick to help ?

for

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for help when he doth call.
If thou wilt lay unto my charge,
the burden of my Sin,
O LORD, the conquest is but small,
that thou thereby shalt win.
For why, thy Glory, and thy Praise,
in Mercy both consist,
Unto the which I yeild my self
to do with, what thou list.
My Soul shall trust in Thee, in Thee,
and still for Mercy cry,
Peccavi, Peccavi, Miserere Mei.

The fifth Meditation.

IF I demand what Mercy is
to GOD? will answer me,
That Mercy is the abundance great
of thy divine pitie.
Wherewith thou view'st th' afflicted sort,
that on the Earth doth lie:
And what is this compassion then?
but proofs of thy Mercy.
Our Fathers old, the same have felt,
and now in rest do reign;
And thou art still the self same GOD,
for ever to remain.
Our Fathers were conceiv'd in Sin,
and so are we likewise;

Wilt

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Wilt thou compassion shew to them,
 and Children not despise.
 One Faith in Christ, we all profess,
 one GOD, in Persons three?
 As thou compassion had'st on them,
 compassion have on me.
 Ponder, O GOD! all my desires,
 most humbly do I crave,
 And do away all my misdeeds,
 and so compassion have:
 And as of Sinne s many one,
 whose number is unknown,
 Thou did'st vouchsafe to draw to thee,
 and make them all thine own;
 So now vouchsafe, most gentle GOD,
 likewise to draw me in,
 And make me righteous by thy Grace,
 forgiving me my sin.
 So shall my Soul, R joice, R joice,
 and still for Mercy cry,
Peccavi, Peccavi, Misere Mei.

The sixth Meditation.

MOST mighty GOD, I do confess,
 ten thousand times and more,
 Thou hast me wash'd from my Sin,
 and cured still my sore;
 But I through Sin am tahn again,

and

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and fouler now am made,
Then ever was the filthy Swine,
with the Mire overlaid :
How oftentimes shall we forgive
each other that offend ?
Seventy times seven the Scripture saith,
which signifies no End,
If Man to Man such Favour shew,
that wretched Captives be,
How much more, Thou, O gracious GOD,
to them that call on thee.
It is thy Nature to forgive
my Nature can but fall,
Though thou be just in all thy Works,
thy Nature passeth all.
What Time a Sinner doth repent,
and turn to thee at last,
All sins foredone thou wilt forgive,
thy Promise so hath past,
Behold, O GOD I turn to thee,
with Sorrow for my Sin ;
And do repent even from my Heart,
that I so lewd have been :
Now wash me, Lord, yet once again,
with Fountain of thy Grace,
That I among the Sacred Saints
with thee may have a place.

B.

and

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My Soul shall trust in thee, in thee,
and still for Mercy Cry,
Peccavi Deus, Peccavi, Ab Miserere Mei.

The seventh Meditation.

Likeas the Guilty Prisoner stands,
before the Judge so rude,
With quaking Breath and trembling Limbs,
his Judgment to abide :
Even so, O GOD, before thy Face,
in fearful state I stand,
And guilty cry to thee my Judge,
and now hold up my Hand.
Nothing have I to plead for Life,
no Goodness is in me ;
Of Sin, Deceit and Wickedness,
guilty, good LORD, guilty.
Thus by thy righteous Doom, O LORD,
and sacred Law divine :
Condem'd am I to endless pain,
through just deserts of mine ;
Alas, what then is to be said ?
or what is to be done ?
For Mercy, Lord will I appeal,
to Jesus Christ thy Son.
For never yet it hath been heard,
since first the World began,

That

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That Jesus Christ did turn his Face
from any sinful Man :

Which unto him for Mercy came,
with sad repenting Mind ;

O LORD, shall I then be the first
that shall no Mercy find ?

Shall I be he thou wilt despise ?
that humbly comes to thee,

No, no, sweet Christ, thy promise is
for to deliver me.

Wherefore my Soul, be glad, be glade,
and cry incessantly,

Peccavi Deus, Peccavi, Ah Miserere Mei.

F I N I S.

A Meditation to be said of Women with Child.

*In time of Trouble call on me,
And I will then deliver thee.*

THe time draws near of painful Throes,
How long I shall the same endure God knows ;
O Lord my God, I humbly ask of thee,

Make

12 *A Meditation for Women with Child*
Make hast Sweet Christ, and safe deliver me

Although my Sins deserved have right well,
Such pains as this, yea, more then Tongue
(can tell

Yet ah, my God, turn not away thy Face,
Nor me forsake in this so sharp a Case,

This womb & Fruit that springeth in the same
Hast thou creat. to glory of thy Name,
Opprest with Pain, O Lord, when I shall be
Make less the same so much as pleaseth thee.

And grant good God, thy creature may proceed
Safely alive, with Mercy at my Need;
In Christ his Name, I will my Travel shew,
Now Holy Ghost, come comfort me in Woe

Come Father dear, and let thy Power descend
O Jesus Christ, thy Mercy great extend:
Ah God behold my dolour and my smart,
Sweet Holy Ghost my comforter thou art.

Take part with me, and hear my woeful cry,
Exaudi me, Misere Mei.

16 MAGP
F I N I S.

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